A Book of Old English Ballads

A Book of Old English Ballads

with an Accompaniment of Decorative Drawings by

George Wharton Edwards:

And an Introduction by

Hamilton W. Mabie

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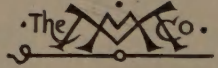
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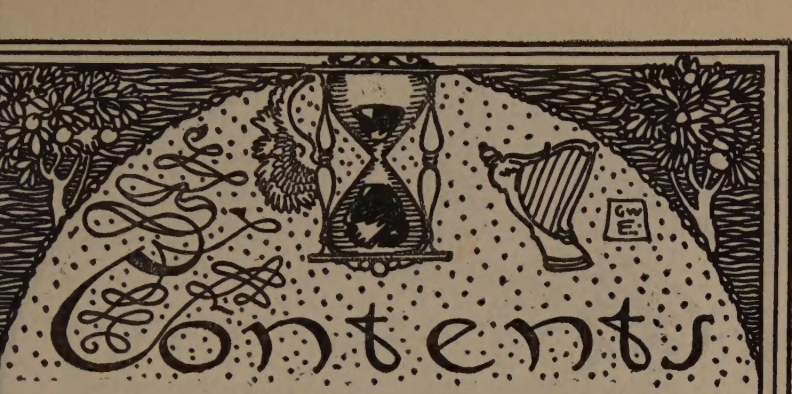

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Introduction

Goethe, who saw so many things with such clearness of vision, brought out the charm of the popular ballad for readers of a later day in his remark that the value of these songs of the people is to be found in the fact that their motives are drawn directly from nature; and he added, that in the art of saying things compactly, uneducated men have greater skill than those who are educated. It is certainly true that no kind of verse is so completely out of the atmosphere of modern writing as the popular ballad. No other form of verse has, therefore, in so great a degree, the charm of freshness. In material, treatment, and spirit, these ballads are set in sharp contrast with the poetry of

the hour. They deal with historical events or incidents, with local traditions, with personal adventure or achievement. They are, almost without exception, entirely objective. Contemporary poetry is, on the other hand, very largely subjective; and even when it deals with events or incidents it invests them to such a degree with personal emotion and imagination, it so modifies and colours them with temperamental effects, that the resulting poem is much more a study of subjective conditions than a picture or drama of objective realities. This projection of the inward upon the outward world, in such a degree that the dividing line between the two is lost, is strikingly illustrated in Maeterlinck's plays. Nothing could be in sharper contrast, for instance, than the famous ballad of "The Hunting of the Cheviot" and Maeterlinck's "Princess Maleine." There is no atmosphere, in a strict use of the word, in the spirited and compact account of the famous contention between the Percies and the Douglases, of which Sir Philip Sidney said "that I found not my heart moved more than with a Trumpet." It is a breathless, rushing narrative of

a swift succession of events, told with the most straightforward simplicity. In the "Princess Maleine," on the other hand, the narrative is so charged with subjective feeling, the world in which the action takes place is so deeply tinged with lights that never rested on any actual landscape, that all sense of reality is lost. The play depends for its effect mainly upon atmosphere. Certain very definite impressions are produced with singular power, but there is no clear, clean stamping of occurrences on the mind. The imagination is skilfully awakened and made to do the work of observation.

The note of the popular ballad is its objectivity; it not only takes us out of doors, but it also takes us out of the individual consciousness. The manner is entirely subordinated to the matter; the poet, if there was a poet in the case, obliterates himself. What we get is a definite report of events which have taken place, not a study of a man's mind nor an account of a man's feelings. The true balladist is never introspective; he is concerned not with himself but with his story. There is no self-disclosure in his song. To the mood of Senancour and

Amiel he was a stranger. Neither he nor the men to whom he recited or sang would have understood that mood. They were primarily and unreflectively absorbed in the world outside of themselves. They saw far more than they meditated; they recorded far more than they moralized. The popular ballads are, as a rule, entirely free from didacticism in any form; that is one of the main sources of their unfailing charm. They show not only a childlike curiosity about the doings of the day and the things that befall men, but a childlike indifference to moral inference and justification. The bloodier the fray the better for ballad purposes; no one feels the necessity of apology either for ruthless aggression or for useless blood-letting; the scene is reported as it was presented to the eye of the spectator, not to his moralizing faculty. He is expected to see and to sing, not to scrutinize and meditate. In those rare cases in which a moral inference is drawn, it is always so obvious and elementary that it gives the impression of having been fastened on at the end of the song in deference to ecclesiastical rather than popular feeling.

The social and intellectual conditions which fostered self-unconsciousness, — interest in things, incidents, and adventures rather than in moods and inward experiences, — and the unmoral or non-moralizing attitude towards events, fostered also that delightful naïveté *which contributes greatly to the charm of many of the best ballads; a* naïveté *which often heightens the pathos, and, at times, softens it with touches of apparently unconscious humour; the* naïveté *of the child which has in it something of the freshness of a wild flower, and yet has also a wonderful instinct for making the heart of the matter plain. This quality has almost entirely disappeared from contemporary verse among cultivated races; one must go to the peasants of remote parts of the Continent to discover even a trace of its presence. It has a real, but short-lived charm, like the freshness which shines on meadow and garden in the brief dawn which hastens on to day.*

This frank, direct play of thought and feeling on an incident, or series of incidents, compensates for the absence of a more perfect art in the ballads; using the word "art" in its true sense as in-

cluding complete, adequate, and beautiful handling of subject-matter, and masterly working out of its possibilities. These popular songs, so dear to the hearts of the generations on whose lips they were fashioned, and to all who care for the fresh note, the direct word, the unrestrained emotion, rarely touch the highest points of poetic achievement. Their charm lies, not in their perfection of form, but in their spontaneity, sincerity, and graphic power. They are not rivers of song, wide, deep, and swift; they are rather cool, clear springs among the hills. In the reactions against sophisticated poetry which set in from time to time, the popular ballad — the true folk-song — has often been exalted at the expense of other forms of verse. It is idle to attempt to arrange the various forms of poetry in an order of absolute values; it is enough that each has its own quality, and, therefore, its own value. The drama, the epic, the ballad, the lyric, each strikes its note in the complete expression of human emotion and experience. Each belongs to a particular stage of development, and each has the authority and the enduring charm which attach to every

authentic utterance of the spirit of man under the conditions of life.

In this wide range of human expression the ballad follows the epic as a kind of aftermath; a second and scattered harvest, springing without regularity or nurture out of a rich and unexhausted soil. The epic fastens upon some event of such commanding importance that it marks a main current of history; some story, historic, or mythologic; some incident susceptible of extended narrative treatment. It is always, in its popular form, a matter of growth; it is direct, simple, free from didacticism; representing, as Aristotle says, "a single action, entire and complete." It subordinates character to action; it delights in episode and dialogue; it is content to tell the story as a story, and leave the moralization to hearers or readers. The popular ballad is so closely related to the popular epic that it may be said to reproduce its qualities and characteristics within a narrower compass, and on a smaller scale. It also is a piece of the memory of the people, or a creation of the imagination of the people; but the tradition or fact which it preserves is of local, rather

than national importance. It is indifferent to nice distinctions and delicate gradations or shadings; its power springs from its directness, vigour, and simplicity. It is often entirely occupied with the narration or description of a single episode; it has no room for dialogue, but it often secures the effect of the dialogue by its unconventional freedom of phrase, and sometimes by the introduction of brief and compact charge and denial, question and reply. Sometimes the incidents upon which the ballad makers fastened, have a unity or connection with each other which hints at a complete story. The ballads which deal with Robin Hood are so numerous and so closely related that they constantly suggest, not only the possibility, but the probability of epic treatment. It is surprising that the richness of the material, and its notable illustrative quality, did not inspire some earlier Chaucer to combine the incidents in a sustained narrative. But the epic poet did not appear, and the most representative of English popular heroes remains the central figure in a series of detached episodes and adventures, preserved in a long line of disconnected ballads.

This apparent arrest, in the ballad stage, of a story which seemed destined to become an epic, naturally suggests the vexed question of the authorship of the popular ballads. They are in a very real sense the songs of the people; they make no claim to individual authorship; on the contrary, the inference of what may be called community authorship is, in many instances, irresistible. They are the product of a social condition which, so to speak, holds song of this kind in solution; of an age in which improvisation, singing, and dancing are the most natural and familiar forms of expression. They deal almost without exception with matters which belong to the community memory or imagination; they constantly reappear with variations so noticeable as to indicate free and common handling of themes of wide local interest. All this is true of the popular ballad; but all this does not decisively settle the question of authorship. What share did the community have in the making of these songs, and what share fell to individual singers?

Herder, whose conception of the origin and function

of literature was so vitalizing in the general aridity of thinking about the middle of the last century, and who did even more for ballad verse in Germany than Bishop Percy did in England, laid emphasis almost exclusively on community authorship. His profound instinct for reality in all forms of art, his deep feeling for life, and the immense importance he attached to spontaneity and unconsciousness in the truest productivity made community authorship not only attractive but inevitable to him. In his pronounced reaction against the superficial ideas of literature so widely held in the Germany of his time, he espoused the conception of community authorship as the only possible explanation of the epics, ballads, and other folk-songs. In nature and popular life, or universal experience, he found the rich sources of the poetry whose charm he felt so deeply, and whose power and beauty he did so much to reveal to his contemporaries. Genius and nature are magical words with him, because they suggested such depths of being under all forms of expression; such unity of the whole being of a race in its thought, its emotion, and its action; such

entire unconsciousness of self or of formulated aim, and such spontaneity of spirit and speech. The language of those times, when words had not yet been divided into nobles, middle-class, and plebeians, was, he said, the richest for poetical purposes. "Our tongue, compared with the idiom of the savage, seems adapted rather for reflection than for the senses or imagination. The rhythm of popular verse is so delicate, so rapid, so precise, that it is no easy matter to detect it with our eyes; but do not imagine it to have been equally difficult for those living populations who listened to, instead of reading it; who were accustomed to the sound of it from their infancy; who themselves sang it, and whose ear had been formed by its cadence." This conception of poetry as arising in the hearts of the people and taking form on their lips is still more definitely and strikingly expressed in two sentences, which let us into the heart of Herder's philosophy of poetry: "Poetry in those happy days lived in the ears of the people, on the lips and in the harps of living bards; it sang of history, of the events of the day, of mysteries, miracles, and signs. It was the

flower of a nation's character, language, and country; of its occupations, its prejudices, its passions, its aspirations, and its soul." In these words, at once comprehensive and vague, after the manner of Herder, we find ourselves face to face with that conception not only of popular song in all its forms, but with literature as a whole, which has revolutionized literary study in this century, and revitalized it as well. For Herder was a man of prophetic instinct; he sometimes felt more clearly than he saw; he divined where he could not reach results by analysis. He was often vague, fragmentary, and inconclusive, like all men of his type; but he had a genius for getting at the heart of things. His statements often need qualification, but he is almost always on the right track. When he says that the great traditions, in which both the memory and the imagination of a race were engaged, and which were still living in the mouths of the people, "of themselves took on poetic form," he is using language which is too general to convey a definite impression of method, but he is probably suggesting the deepest truth with regard to these popular

stories. They actually were of community origin; they actually were common property; they were given a great variety of forms by a great number of persons; the forms which have come down to us are very likely the survivors of a kind of informal competition, which went on for years at the fireside and at the festivals of a whole country side.

Bürger, whose "Lenore" is one of the most widely known of modern ballads, held the same view of the origin of popular song, and was even more definite in his confession of faith than Herder. He declared in the most uncompromising terms that all real poetry must have a popular origin; "can be and must be of the people, for that is the seal of its perfection." And he comments on the delight with which he has listened, in village street and home, to unwritten songs; the poetry which finds its way in quiet rivulets to the remotest peasant home. In like manner, Hélène Vacaresco overheard the songs of the Roumanian people; hiding in the maize to catch the reaping songs; listening at spinning parties, at festivals, at death-beds, at taverns; tak-

ing the songs down from the lips of peasant women, fortune-tellers, gypsies, and all manner of humble folk who were the custodians of this vagrant community verse. We have passed so entirely out of the song-making period, and literature has become to us so exclusively the work of a professional class, that we find it difficult to imagine the intellectual and social conditions which fostered improvisation on a great scale, and trained the ear of great populations to the music of spoken poetry. It is almost impossible for us to disassociate literature from writing. There is still, however, a considerable volume of unwritten literature in the world in the form of stories, songs, proverbs, and pithy phrases; a literature handed down in large part from earlier times, but still receiving additions from contemporary men and women.

This unwritten literature is to be found, it is hardly necessary to say, almost exclusively among country people remote from towns, and whose mental attitude and community feeling reproduce, in a way, the conditions under which the English and Scotch ballads were originally composed. The Roumanian

peasants sing their songs upon every occasion of domestic or local interest; and sowing and harvesting, birth, christening, marriage, the burial,— these notable events in the life of the country side are all celebrated by unknown poets; or, rather, by improvisers who give definite form to sentiments, phrases, and words which are on many lips. The Russian peasant tells his stories as they were told to him; those heroic epics whose life is believed, in some cases, to date back at least a thousand years. These great popular stories form a kind of sacred inheritance bequeathed by one generation to another as a possession of the memory, and are almost entirely unrelated to the written literature of the country. Miss Hapgood tells a very interesting story of a government official, stationed on the western shore of Lake Onéga, who became so absorbed in the search for this literature of the people that he followed singers and reciters from place to place, eager to learn from their lips the most widely known of these folk tales. On such an expedition of discovery he found himself, one stormy night, on an island in the lake. The hut of refuge was already

full of stormbound peasants when he entered. Having made himself some tea, and spread his blanket in a vacant place, he fell asleep. He was presently awakened by a murmur of recurring sounds. Sitting up, he found the group of peasants hanging on the words of an old man, of kindly face, expressive eyes, and melodious voice, from whose lips flowed a marvellous song; grave and gay by turns, monotonous and passionate in succession; but wonderfully fresh, picturesque, and fascinating. The listener soon became aware that he was hearing, for the first time, the famous story of "Sadkó, the Merchant of Nóvgorod." It was like being present at the birth of a piece of literature!

The fact that unwritten songs and stories still exist in great numbers among remote country-folk of our own time, and that additions are still made to them, help us to understand the probable origin of our own popular ballads, and what community authorship may really mean. To put ourselves, even in thought, in touch with the ballad-making period in English and Scotch history, we must dismiss from our minds all modern ideas of authorship;

all notions of individual origination and ownership of any form of words. Professor ten Brink tells us that in the ballad-making age there was no production; there was only reproduction. There was a stock of traditions, memories, experiences, held in common by large populations, in constant use on the lips of numberless persons; told and retold in many forms, with countless changes, variations, and modifications; without conscious artistic purpose, with no sense of personal control or possession, with no constructive aim either in plot or treatment; no composition in the modern sense of the term. Such a mass of poetic material in the possession of a large community was, in a sense, fluid, and ran into a thousand forms almost without direction or premeditation. Constant use of such rich material gave a poetic turn of thought and speech to countless persons who, under other conditions, would have given no sign of the possession of the faculty of imagination.

There was not only the stimulus to the faculty which sees events and occurrences with the eyes of the imagination, but there was also constant and

familiar use of the language of poetry. To speak metrically or rhythmically is no difficult matter if one is in the atmosphere or habit of verse-making; and there is nothing surprising either in the feats of memory or of improvisation performed by the minstrels and balladists of the old time. The faculty of improvising was easily developed and was very generally used by people of all classes. This facility is still possessed by rural populations, among whom songs are still composed as they are sung, each member of the company contributing a new verse or a variation, suggested by local conditions, of a well-known stanza. When to the possession of a mass of traditions and stories and of facility of improvisation is added the habit of singing and dancing, it is not difficult to reconstruct in our own thought the conditions under which popular poetry came into being, nor to understand in what sense a community can make its own songs. In the brave days when ballads were made, the rustic peoples were not mute, as they are to-day; nor sad, as they have become in so many parts of England. They sang and they danced by instinct and as an expres-

sion of social feeling. Originally the ballads were not only sung, but they gave measure to the dance; they grew from mouth to mouth in the very act of dancing; individual dancers adding verse to verse, and the frequent refrain coming in as a kind of chorus. Gesture and, to a certain extent, acting would naturally accompany so free and general an expression of community feeling. There was no poet, because all were poets. To quote Professor ten Brink once more:—

"Song and playing were cultivated by peasants, and even by freedmen and serfs. At beer-feasts the harp went from hand to hand. Herein lies the essential difference between that age and our own. The result of poetical activity was not the property and was not the production of a single person, but of the community. The work of the individual endured only as long as its delivery lasted. He gained personal distinction only as a virtuoso. The permanent elements of what he presented, the material, the ideas, even the style and metre, already existed. The work of the singer was only a ripple in the stream of national poetry.

Who can say how much the individual contributed to it, or where in his poetical recitation memory ceased and creative impulse began! In any case the work of the individual lived on only as the ideal possession of the aggregate body of the people, and it soon lost the stamp of originality. In view of such a development of poetry, we must assume a time when the collective consciousness of a people or race is paramount in its unity; when the intellectual life of each is nourished from the same treasury of views and associations, of myths and sagas; when similar interests stir each breast; and the ethical judgment of all applies itself to the same standard. In such an age the form of poetical expression will also be common to all, necessarily solemn, earnest, and simple."

When the conditions which produced the popular ballads become clear to the imagination, their depth of rootage, not only in the community life but in the community love, becomes also clear. We understand the charm which these old songs have for us of a later age, and the spell which they cast upon

men and women who knew the secret of their birth; we understand why the minstrels of the time, when popular poetry was in its best estate, were held in such honour, why Taillefer sang the song of Roland at the head of the advancing Normans on the day of Hastings, and why good Bishop Aldhelm, when he wanted to get the ears of his people, stood on the bridge and sang a ballad! These old songs were the flowering of the imagination of the people; they drew their life as directly from the general experience, the common memory, the universal feelings, as did the Greek dramas in those primitive times, when they were part of rustic festivity and worship. The popular ballads have passed away with the conditions which produced them. Modern poets have, in several instances, written ballads of striking picturesqueness and power, but as unlike the ballad of popular origin as the world of to-day is unlike the world in which "Chevy Chase" was first sung. These modern ballads are not necessarily better or worse than their predecessors; but they are necessarily different. It is idle to exalt the wild flower at the expense of the garden flower; each has

its fragrance, its beauty, its sentiment; and the world is wide!

In the selection of the ballads which appear in this volume, no attempt has been made to follow a chronological order or to enforce a rigid principle of selection of any kind. The aim has been to bring within moderate compass a collection of these songs of the people which should fairly represent the range, the descriptive felicity, the dramatic power, and the genuine poetic feeling of a body of verse which is still, it is to be feared, unfamiliar to a large number of those to whom it would bring refreshment and delight.

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE.

Chevy Chace

God prosper long our noble king,
Our liffes and safetyes all;
A woefull hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Erle Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborne
The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summers days to take;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and beare away:
These tydings to Erle Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay.

Who sent Erle Percy present word,
He wold prevent his sport;
The English Erle not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede
To ayme their shafts arright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deere;
On Munday they began to hunt,
Ere day-light did appeare;

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes slaine;
Then having din'd, the drovyers went
To rouze the deare againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Theire backsides all, with speciall care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take,
That with their cryes the hills and dales
An eccho shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deere;
Quoth he, "Erle Douglas promised
This day to meet me heere;

"But if I thought he wold not come,
Noe longer wold I stay."
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the Erle did say:

"Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres,
All marching in our sight.

"All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede:"
"O cease your sport," Erle Percy said,
"And take your bowes with speede.

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yett
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horsebacke come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to breake a spere."

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode formost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

"Show me," sayd hee, "whose men you bee,
That hunt soe boldly heere,
That, without my consent, doe chase
And kill my fallow-deere."

The man that first did answer make
Was noble Percy hee;
Who sayd, "Wee list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men wee bee.

"Yet will wee spend our deerest blood,
Thy cheefest harts to slay;"
Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe,
And thus in rage did say;

"Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an erle thou art;
Lord Percy, soe am I.

"But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our guiltlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

"Let thou and I the battell trye,
And set our men aside."
"Accurst bee he," Erle Percy sayd,
"By whome this is denyed."

Then stept a gallant squier forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, "I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

"That ere my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on:
You bee two erles," sayd Witherington,
"And I a squier alone.

"Ile doe the best that doe I may,
While I have power to stand;
While I have power to weeld my sword,
Ile fight with hart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their harts were good and trew;
Att the first flight of arrowes sent,
Full four-score Scots they slew.

[Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,
As Chieftain stout and good,
As valiant Captain, all unmov'd
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As Leader ware and try'd,
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing strait their bows away,
They grasp'd their swords so bright:
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.]

They clos'd full fast on everye side,
Noe slacknes there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a griefe to see,
And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great might;
Like lyons wood they layd on lode,
And made a cruell fight.

They fought, untill they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steele;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling downe did feele.

"Yeeld thee, Lord Percy," Douglas sayd
"In faith I will thee bringe,
Where thou shalt high advancèd bee
By James our Scottish king.

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious knight
That ever I did see."

"Noe, Douglas," quoth Erle Percy then,
"Thy proffer I doe scorne;
I will not yeelde to any Scott,
That ever yett was borne."

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart,
A deepe and deadlye blow:

Who never spake more words than these,
"Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end:
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving liffe, Erle Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Erle Douglas, for thy life
Wold I had lost my land!

"O Christ! my verry hart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure, a more renownèd knight
Mischance cold never take."

A knight amongst the Scotts there was,
Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
Who streight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percye;

Sir Hugh Mountgomerye was he call'd,
Who, with a spere most bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without all dread or feare,
And through Earl Percyes body then
He thrust his hatefull spere

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The speare ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could staine;
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble erle was slaine.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew hee.

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
So right the shaft he sett,
The grey goose-wing that was thereon
In his harts bloode was wett.

This fight did last from breake of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening bell,
The battel scarce was done.

With stout Erle Percy, there was slaine,
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold Barón.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slaine,
Whose prowesse did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wayle,
As one in doleful dumpes;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumpes.

And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
One foote wold never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,
His sisters sonne was hee;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet savèd cold not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Erle Douglas dye;
Of twenty hundred Scottish speres,
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chace,
Under the greene wood tree.

Next day did many widowes come,
Their husbands to bewayle;
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
But all wold not prevayle.

Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away:
They kist them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were cladd in clay.

This newes was brought to Eddenborrow,
Where Scotlands king did raïgne,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine.

"O heavy newes," King James did say;
"Scottland can witnesse bee,
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as hee."

Like tydings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy-Chace.

"Now God be with him," said our king,
"Sith it will noe better bee;
I trust I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hee.

"Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take,
I'll be revengèd on them all,
For brave Erle Percyes sake."

This vow full well the king perform'd
After, at Humbledowne;
In one day, fifty knights were slayne,
With lordes of great renowne.

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands dye:
Thus endeth the hunting in Chevy-Chace,
Made by the Erle Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land
In plentye, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foule debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease!

King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid

I READ that once in Affrica
A princely wight did raine,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did faine.
From natures lawes he did decline,
For sure he was not of my minde,
He cared not for women-kind,
But did them all disdaine.
But marke what hapned on a day;
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a beggar all in gray,
The which did cause his paine.

The blinded boy that shootes so trim
From heaven downe did hie,
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did lye:
Which soone did pierse him to the quicke,
And when he felt the arrow pricke,
Which in his tender heart did sticke,
He looketh as he would dye.
"What sudden chance is this," quoth he,
"That I to love must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
But still did it defie?"

Then from the window he did come,
And laid him on his bed;
A thousand heapes of care did runne
Within his troubled head.
For now he meanes to crave her love,
And now he seekes which way to proove
How he his fancie might remoove,
And not this beggar wed.
But Cupid had him so in snare,
That this poor begger must prepare

A salve to cure him of his care,
Or els he would be dead.

And as he musing thus did lye,
He thought for to devise
How he might have her companye,
That so did 'maze his eyes.
"In thee," quoth he, "doth rest my life;
For surely thou shalt be my wife,
Or else this hand with bloody knife,
The Gods shall sure suffice."
Then from his bed he soon arose,
And to his pallace gate he goes;
Full little then this begger knowes
When she the king espies.

"The gods preserve your majesty,"
The beggers all gan cry;
"Vouchsafe to give your charity,
Our childrens food to buy."
The king to them his purse did cast,
And they to part it made great haste;

This silly woman was the last
That after them did hye.
The king he cal'd her back againe,
And unto her he gave his chaine;
And said, "With us you shal remaine
Till such time as we dye.

"For thou," quoth he, "shalt be my wife,
And honoured for my queene;
With thee I meane to lead my life,
As shortly shall be seene:
Our wedding shall appointed be,
And every thing in its degree;
Come on," quoth he, "and follow me,
Thou shalt go shift thee cleane.
What is thy name, faire maid?" quoth he.
"Penelophon, O King," quoth she;
With that she made a lowe courtsèy;
A trim one as I weene.

Thus hand in hand along they walke
Unto the king's pallàce:
The king with courteous, comly talke
This begger doth embrace.

The begger blusheth scarlet red,
And straight againe as pale as lead,
But not a word at all she said,
She was in such amaze.
At last she spake with trembling voyce,
And said, "O King, I doe rejoyce
That you wil take me for your choyce,
And my degree so base."

And when the wedding day was come,
The king commanded strait
The noblemen, both all and some,
Upon the queene to wait.
And she behaved herself that day
As if she had never walkt the way;
She had forgot her gowne of gray,
Which she did weare of late.
The proverbe old is come to passe,
The priest, when he begins his masse,
Forgets that ever clerke he was;
He knowth not his estate.

Here you may read Cophetua,
Through long time fancie-fed,

Compelled by the blinded boy
The begger for to wed:
He that did lovers lookes disdaine,
To do the same was glad and faine,
Or else he would himselfe have slaine,
In storie, as we read.
Disdaine no whit, O lady deere,
But pitty now thy servant heere,
Least that it hap to thee this yeare,
As to that king it did.

And thus they led a quiet life
During their princely raine,
And in a tombe were buried both,
As writers sheweth plaine.
The lords they tooke it grievously,
The ladies tooke it heavily,
The commons cryed pitiously,
Their death to them was paine.
Their fame did sound so passingly,
That it did pierce the starry sky,
And throughout all the world did flye
To every princes realme.

King Leir and his Three Daughters

King Leir once rulèd in this land
With princely power and peace,
And had all things with hearts content,
That might his joys increase.
Amongst those things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
A question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could shew the dearest love:

"For to my age you bring content,"
Quoth he, "then let me hear,
Which of you three in plighted troth
The kindest will appear."

To whom the eldest thus began:
"Dear father, mind," quoth she,
"Before your face, to do you good,
My blood shall render'd be.
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain."

"And so will I," the second said;
"Dear father, for your sake,
The worst of all extremities
I'll gently undertake:
And serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love;
That sweet content and quietness
Discomforts may remove."

"In doing so, you glad my soul,"
The aged king reply'd;
"But what sayst thou, my youngest girl,
How is thy love ally'd?"
"My love" (quoth young Cordelia then),
"Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
And that is all I'll show."

"And wilt thou shew no more," quoth he,
"Than doth thy duty bind?
I well perceive thy love is small,
When as no more I find.
Henceforth I banish thee my court;
Thou art no child of mine;
Nor any part of this my realm
By favour shall be thine.

"Thy elder sisters' loves are more
Than well I can demand;
To whom I equally bestow
My kingdome and my land,

My pompal state and all my goods,
That lovingly I may
With those thy sisters be maintain'd
Until my dying day."

Thus flattering speeches won renown,
By these two sisters here;
The third had causeless banishment,
Yet was her love more dear.
For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wandring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
Through many an English town:

Untill at last in famous France
She gentler fortunes found;
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd
The fairest on the ground:
Where when the king her virtues heard,
And this fair lady seen,
With full consent of all his court
He made his wife and queen.

Her father, old King Leir, this while
With his two daughters staid;
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
Full soon the same decay'd;
And living in Queen Ragan's court,
The eldest of the twain,
She took from him his chiefest means,
And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
To wait with bended knee,
She gave allowance but to ten,
And after scarce to three,
Nay, one she thought too much for him;
So took she all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
He would no longer stay.

"Am I rewarded thus," quoth he,
"In giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave?

I'll go unto my Gonorell:
My second child, I know,
Will be more kind and pitiful,
And will relieve my woe."

Full fast he hies then to her court;
Where when she heard his moan,
Return'd him answer, that she griev'd
That all his means were gone,
But no way could relieve his wants;
Yet if that he would stay
Within her kitchen, he should have
What scullions gave away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears,
He made his answer then;
"In what I did, let me be made
Example to all men.
I will return again," quoth he,
"Unto my Ragan's court;
She will not use me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder sort."

Where when he came, she gave command
To drive him thence away:
When he was well within her court,
(She said) he would not stay.
Then back again to Gonorel
The woeful king did hie,
That in her kitchen he might have
What scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was deny'd
Which she had promis'd late:
For once refusing, he should not,
Come after to her gate.
Thus twixt his daughters for relief
He wandred up and down,
Being glad to feed on beggars' food
That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
His youngest daughters words,
That said, the duty of a child
Was all that love affords —

But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had banish'd so,
Grew frantic mad; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe.

Which made him rend his milk-white locks
And tresses from his head,
And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
With age and honour spread.
To hills and woods and watry founts,
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods and senseless things
Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possest with discontents,
He passed o'er to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there
To find some gentler chance.
Most virtuous dame! which, when she heard
Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, she quickly sent
Him comfort and relief.

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant sort,
She gave in charge he should be brought
To Aganippus' court;
Whose royal king, with noble mind,
So freely gave consent
To muster up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
To repossesse King Leir,
And drive his daughters from their thrones
By his Cordelia dear.
Where she, true-hearted, noble queen,
Was in the battel slain;
Yet he, good king, in his old days,
Possest his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
Who died indeed for love
Of her dear father, in whose cause
She did this battle move,

He swooning fell upon her breast,
From whence he never parted;
But on her bosom left his life
That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles, when they saw
The end of these events,
The other sisters unto death
They doomèd by consents;
And being dead, their crowns they left
Unto the next of kin:
Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
And disobedient sin.

Fair Rosamond

When as King Henry rulde this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde
A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,
Her favour, and her face;
A sweeter creature in this worlde
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde,
Appeard to each man's sight;
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,
Her name was called so,
To whom our queene, Dame Ellinor,
Was known a deadlye foe.

The king therefore, for her defence
Against the furious queene,
At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built,
Of stone and timber strong;
An hundered and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong:

And they so cunninglye contriv'd,
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clue of thread
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,
That was so faire and brighte,
The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant knighte.

But fortune, that doth often frowne
Where she before did smile,
The kinges delighte and ladyes joy
Full soon shee did beguile:

For why, the kinges ungracious sonne,
Whom he did high advance,
Against his father raised warres
Within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king
The English land forsooke,
Of Rosamond, his lady faire,
His farewelle thus he tooke:

"My Rosamonde, my only Rose,
That pleasest best mine eye,
The fairest flower in all the worlde
To feed my fantasye,—

"The flower of mine affected heart,
Whose sweetness doth excelle,
My royal Rose, a thousand times
I bid thee nowe farwelle!

"For I must leave my fairest flower,
My sweetest Rose, a space,
And cross the seas to famous France,
Proud rebelles to abase.

"But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
My coming shortlye see,
And in my heart, when hence I am,
Ile beare my Rose with mee."

When Rosamond, that ladye brighte,
Did heare the king saye soe,
The sorrowe of her grieved heart
Her outward lookes did showe.

And from her cleare and crystall eyes
The teares gusht out apace,
Which, like the silver-pearled dewe,
Ranne downe her comely face.

Her lippes, erst like the corall redde,
Did waxe both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceivde
Her vitall spirits faile.

And falling downe all in a swoone
Before King Henryes face,
Full oft he in his princelye armes
Her bodye did embrace.

And twentye times, with watery eyes,
He kist her tender cheeke,
Untill he had revivde againe
Her senses milde and meeke.

"Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?"
The king did often say:
"Because," quoth shee, "to bloodye warres
My lord must part awaye.

"But since your Grace on forrayne coastes,
Amonge your foes unkinde,
Must goe to hazard life and limbe,
Why should I staye behinde?

"Nay, rather let me, like a page,
Your sworde and target beare;
That on my breast the blowes may lighte,
Which would offend you there.

"Or lett mee, in your royal tent,
Prepare your bed at nighte,
And with sweete baths refresh your grace,
At your returne from fighte.

"So I your presence may enjoye
No toil I will refuse;
But wanting you, my life is death:
Nay, death Ild rather chuse."

"Content thy self, my dearest love,
Thy rest at home shall bee,
In Englandes sweet and pleasant isle;
For travell fits not thee.

"Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres;
Soft peace their sexe delightes;
Not rugged campes, but courtlye bowers;
Gay feastes, not cruell fightes.

"My Rose shall safely here abide,
With musicke passe the daye,
Whilst I amonge the piercing pikes
My foes seeke far awaye.

"My Rose shall shine in pearle and golde,
Whilst Ime in armour dighte;
Gay galliards here my love shall dance,
Whilst I my foes goe fighte.

"And you, Sir Thomas, whom I truste
To bee my loves defence,
Be carefull of my gallant Rose
When I am parted hence."

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
As though his heart would breake;
And Rosamonde, for very griefe,
Not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they mighte
In heart be grieved sore:
After that daye, faire Rosamonde
The king did see no more.

For when his Grace had past the seas,
And into France was gone,
With envious heart, Queene Ellinor
To Woodstocke came anone.

And forth she calls this trustye knighte
In an unhappy houre,
Who, with his clue of twined-thread,
Came from this famous bower.

And when that they had wounded him,
The queene this thread did gette,
And wente where Ladye Rosamonde
Was like an angell sette.

But when the queene with stedfast eye
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her minde
At her exceeding grace.

"Cast off from thee those robes," she said,
"That riche and costlye bee;
And drinke thou up this deadlye draught
Which I have brought to thee."

Then presentlye upon her knees
Sweet Rosamonde did falle;
And pardon of the queene she crav'd
For her offences all.

"Take pitty on my youthfull yeares,"
Faire Rosamonde did crye;
"And lett mee not with poison stronge
Enforcèd bee to dye.

"I will renounce my sinfull life,
And in some cloyster bide;
Or else be banisht, if you please,
To range the world soe wide.

"And for the fault which I have done,
Though I was forc'd theretoe,
Preserve my life, and punish mee
As you thinke meet to doe."

And with these words, her lillie handes
She wrunge full often there;
And downe along her lovely face
Did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene
Therewith appeased bee;
The cup of deadlye poyson stronge,
As she knelt on her knee,

She gave this comelye dame to drinke;
Who tooke it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand,

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
Shee did for mercye calle;
And drinking up the poison stronge,
Her life she lost withalle.

And when that death through everye limbe
Had showde its greatest spite,
Her chiefest foes did plain confesse
Shee was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Godstowe, neare to Oxford towne,
As may be seene this day.

Phillida and Corydon

In the merrie moneth of Maye,
In a morne by break of daye,
With a troope of damselles playing
Forthe 'I yode' forsooth a maying;

When anon by a wood side,
Where that Maye was in his pride,
I espied all alone
Phillida and Corydon.

Much adoe there was, God wot:
He wold love, and she wold not.
She sayde, "Never man was trewe;"
He sayes, "None was false to you."

He sayde, hee had lovde her longe;
She sayes, love should have no wronge.
Corydon wold kisse her then;
She sayes, "Maydes must kisse no men,

"Tyll they doe for good and all."
When she made the shepperde call
All the heavens to wytnes truthe,
Never loved a truer youthe.

Then with manie a prettie othe,
Yea and nay, and faithe and trothe,
Suche as seelie shepperdes use
When they will not love abuse,

Love, that had bene long deluded,
Was with kisses sweete concluded;
And Phillida with garlands gaye
Was made the lady of the Maye.

Fair Margaret and Sweet William

As it fell out on a long summer's day,
Two lovers they sat on a hill;
They sat together that long summer's day,
And could not talk their fill.

"I see no harm by you, Margarèt,
And you see none by mee;
Before to-morrow at eight o' the clock
A rich wedding you shall see."

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-windòw,
Combing her yellow hair;
There she spyed sweet William and his bride,
As they were a riding near.

Then down she layd her ivory combe,
And braided her hair in twain:
She went alive out of her bower,
But ne'er came alive in't again.

When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men fast asleep,
Then came the spirit of Fair Marg'ret,
And stood at William's feet.

"Are you awake, sweet William?" shee said,
"Or, sweet William, are you asleep?
God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,
And me of my winding sheet."

When day was come, and night was gone,
And all men wak'd from sleep,
Sweet William to his lady sayd,
"My dear, I have cause to weep.

"I dreamt a dream, my dear ladyè,
Such dreames are never good:
I dreamt my bower was full of red 'wine,'
And my bride-bed full of blood."

"Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured sir,
They never do prove good;
To dream thy bower was full of red 'wine,'
And thy bride-bed full of blood."

He called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three;
Saying, "I'll away to fair Marg'ret's bower,
By the leave of my ladiè."

And when he came to fair Marg'ret's bower,
He knocked at the ring;
And who so ready as her seven brethrèn
To let sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet;
"Pray let me see the dead;
Methinks she looks all pale and wan.
She hath lost her cherry red.

"I'll do more for thee, Margarèt,
Than any of thy kin:
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
Though a smile I cannot win."

With that bespake the seven brethrèn,
Making most piteous mone,
"You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,
And let our sister alone."

"If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,
I do but what is right;
I ne'er made a vow to yonder poor corpse,
By day, nor yet by night.

"Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,
Deal on your cake and your wine:
For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,
Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine."

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day,
Sweet William dyed the morrow:
Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,
Sweet William dyed for sorrow.

Margaret was buryed in the lower chancèl,
And William in the higher:
Out of her brest there sprang a rose,
And out of his a briar.

They grew till they grew unto the church top,
  And then they could grow no higher;
And there they tyed in a true lover's knot,
  Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,
  As you the truth shall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
  Or they had now been there.

Annan Water

"Annan Water's wading deep,
And my love Annie's wondrous bonny;
I will keep my tryst to-night,
And win the heart o' lovely Annie."

He's loupen on his bonny grey,
He rade the right gate and the ready;
For a' the storm he wadna stay,
For seeking o' his bonny lady.

And he has ridden o'er field and fell,
Through muir and moss, and stones and mire;
His spurs o' steel were sair to bide,
And frae her four feet flew the fire.

"My bonny grey, noo play your part!
Gin ye be the steed that wins my dearie,
Wi' corn and hay ye'se be fed for aye,
And never spur sall mak' you wearie."

The grey was a mare, and a right gude mare;
But when she wan the Annan Water,
She couldna hae found the ford that night
Had a thousand merks been wadded at her.

"O boatman, boatman, put off your boat,
Put off your boat for gouden money!"
But for a' the goud in fair Scotland,
He dared na tak' him through to Annie.

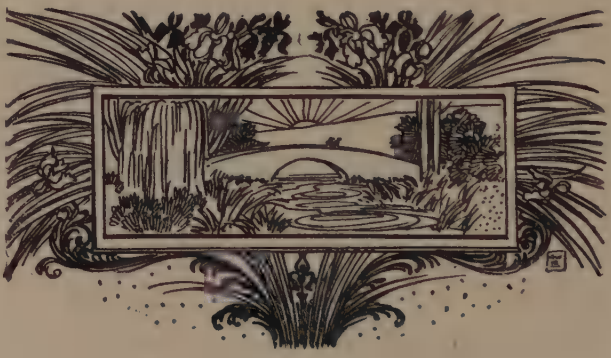
"O I was sworn sae late yestreen,
Not by a single aith, but mony.
I'll cross the drumly stream to-night,
Or never could I face my honey."

The side was stey, and the bottom deep,
Frae bank to brae the water pouring;
The bonny grey mare she swat for fear,
For she heard the water-kelpy roaring.

He spurred her forth into the flood,
I wot she swam both strong and steady;
But the stream was broad, her strength did fail,
And he never saw his bonny lady.

O wae betide the frush saugh wand!
And wae betide the bush of brier!
That bent and brake into his hand,
When strength of man and horse did tire.

And wae betide ye, Annan Water!
This night ye are a drumly river;
But over thee we'll build a brig,
That ye nae mair true love may sever.



The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington

THERE was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe,
And he was a squire's son;
He loved the bayliffe's daughter deare,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coye, and would not believe
That he did love her soe,
Noe nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him showe.

But when his friendes did understand
His fond and foolish minde,
They sent him up to faire London,
An apprentice for to binde.

And when he had been seven long yeares,
And never his love could see, —
"Many a teare have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of mee."

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and playe,
All but the bayliffe's daughter deare;
She secretly stole awaye.

She pulled off her gowne of greene,
And put on ragged attire,
And to faire London she would go
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and drye,
She sat her downe upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding bye.

She started up, with a colour soe redd,
Catching hold of his bridle-reine;
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she sayd,
"Will ease me of much paine."

"Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
Praye tell me where you were borne."
"At Islington, kind sir," sayd shee,
"Where I have had many a scorne."

"I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to mee,
O tell me, whether you knowe
The bayliffes daughter of Islington."
"She is dead, sir, long agoe."

"If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will into some farr countrye,
Where noe man shall me knowe."

"O staye, O staye, thou goodlye youthe,
She standeth by thy side;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And readye to be thy bride."

"O farewell griefe, and welcome joye,
Ten thousand times therefore;
For nowe I have founde mine owne true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more."

Barbara Allen's Cruelty

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swelling,
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay
For love o' Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where she was dwelling:
"O haste and come to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen."

Slowly, slowly rase she up,
And she cam' where he was lying;
And when she drew the curtain by,
Says, "Young man, I think you're dying."

"O it's I am sick, and very, very sick,
And it's a' for Barbara Allen."
"O the better for me ye'se never be,
Tho' your heart's blude were a-spilling!

"O dinna ye min', young man," she says,
"When the red wine ye were filling,
That ye made the healths gae round and round
And ye slighted Barbara Allen?"

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
And death was wi' him dealing:
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a';
Be kind to Barbara Allen."

As she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the dead-bell knelling;
And every jow the dead-bell gave,
It cried, "Woe to Barbara Allen!"

"O mother, mother, mak' my bed,
To lay me down in sorrow.
My love has died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow."

The Douglas Tragedy

"Rise up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas," she says,
"And put on your armour so bright;
Sweet William will hae Lady Margaret awa'
Before that it be light.

"Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright,
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's awa' the last night."

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a buglet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o'er his left shouldèr,
To see what he could see,
And there he spied her seven brethren bold
Come riding o'er the lea.

"Light down, light down, Lady Margaret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father I make a stand."

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa'
And her father hard fighting, who loved her so dear.

"O hold your hand, Lord William!" she said,
"For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."

O, she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the holland sae fine,
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

"O chuse, O chuse, Lady Margaret," he said,
"O whether will ye gang or bide?"
"I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said,
"For you have left me nae other guide."

He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a buglet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she 'gan to fear.

"Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she says,
"For I fear that you are slain!"
"'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water sae plain."

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted down.

"Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"Get up, and let me in!
Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"For this night my fair lady I've win.

"O mak my bed, lady mother," he says,
"O mak it braid and deep!
And lay Lady Margaret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep."

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Margaret lang ere day:
And all true lovers that go thegither,
May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St. Marie's kirk,
Lady Margaret in Marie's quire;
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o' the knight's a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near;
And a' the world might ken right weel,
They were twa lovers dear.

But bye and rade the black Douglas,
And wow but he was rough!
For he pulled up the bonny brièr,
And flanged in St. Marie's Loch.

Young Waters

About Yule, when the wind blew cool;
And the round tables began,
A' there is come to our king's court
Mony a well-favoured man.

The queen looked o'er the castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down,
And then she saw young Waters
Come riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind;
Ane mantle of the burning gowd
Did keep him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd [1] his horse before,
And siller shod behind;
The horse young Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

Out then spake a wily lord,
Unto the queen said he:
"O tell me wha's the fairest face
Rides in the company?"

"I've seen lord, and I've seen laird,
And knights of high degree,
But a fairer face than young Waters
Mine eyen did never see."

Out then spake the jealous king
And an angry man was he:
"O if he had been twice as fair,
You might have excepted me."

"You're neither laird nor lord," she says,
"But the king that wears the crown;
There is not a knight in fair Scotland,
But to thee maun bow down."

[1] *Graith'd*, girthed.

For a' that she could do or say,
Appeased he wad nae be;
But for the words which she had said,
Young Waters he maun dee.

They hae ta'en young Waters,
And put fetters to his feet;
They hae ta'en young Waters,
And thrown him in dungeon deep.

"Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town,
In the wind but and the weet;
But I ne'er rade thro' Stirling town
Wi' fetters at my feet.

"Aft have I ridden thro' Stirling town,
In the wind but and the rain;
But I ne'er rade thro' Stirling town
Ne'er to return again."

They hae ta'en to the heading-hill
His young son in his cradle;
And they hae ta'en to the heading-hill
His horse but and his saddle.

They hae ta'en to the heading-hill
His lady fair to see;
And for the words the queen had spoke
Young Waters he did dee.

Flodden Field

King Jamie hath made a vow,
Keepe it well if he may:
That he will be at lovely London
Upon Saint James his day.

"Upon Saint James his day at noone,
At faire London will I be,
And all the lords in merrie Scotland,
They shall dine there with me.

"March out, march out, my merry men,
Of hie or low degree;
I'le weare the crowne in London towne,
And that you soon shall be."

Then bespake good Queene Margaret,
The teares fell from her eye:
"Leave off these warres, most noble King,
Keepe your fidelitie.

"The water runnes swift, and wondrous deepe,
From bottome unto the brimme;
My brother Henry hath men good enough;
England is hard to winne."

"Away" quoth he "with this silly foole!
In prison fast let her lie:
For she is come of the English bloud,
And for these words she shall dye."

With that bespake Lord Thomas Howard,
The Queenes chamberlaine that day:
"If that you put Queene Margaret to death,
Scotland shall rue it alway."

Then in a rage King Jamie did say,
"Away with this foolish mome;
He shall be hanged, and the other be burned,
So soone as I come home."

Flodden Field

At Flodden Field the Scots came in,
Which made our English men faine;
At Bramstone Greene this battaile was seene,
There was King Jamie slaine.

His bodie never could be found,
When he was over throwne,
And he that wore faire Scotland's crowne
That day could not be knowne.

Then presently the Scot did flie,
Their cannons they left behind;
Their ensignes gay were won all away,
Our souldiers did beate them blinde.

To tell you plaine, twelve thousand were slaine,
That to the fight did stand,
And many prisoners tooke that day,
The best in all Scotland.

That day made many [a] fatherlesse child,
And many a widow poore,
And many a Scottish gay lady
Sate weeping in her bower.

Jack with a feather was lapt all in leather,
His boastings were all in vaine;
He had such a chance, with a new morrice-dance
He never went home againe.

This was written to adapt the ballad to the seventeenth century.

Now heaven we laude that never more
Such biding shall come to hand;
Our King, by othe, is King of both
England and faire Scotland.

Helen of Kirkconnell

I WAD I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think na but my heart was sair
When my Love dropt and spak nae mair!
I laid her down wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

As I went down the water side,
Nane but my foe to be my guide,
Nane but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I dee!

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste, and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

Helen of Kirkconnell

I wad my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

I wad I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies,
Since my Love died for me.

Robin Hood and Allen-a-Dale

Come listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlàw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clad in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chaunted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetched a sigh,
"Alas! and a well-a-day!"

Then steppèd forth brave Little John,
And Midge, the miller's son;
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he see them come.

"Stand off! stand off!" the young man said,
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously,
"O, hast thou any money to spare,
For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she was from me ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,
"Come tell me, without any fail."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"My name it is Allen-a-Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,
"No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without guile."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church
Where Allen should keep his weddìn'.

"What hast thou here?" the bishop then said,
"I prithee now tell unto me."
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,
"And the best in the north countrỳ."

"O welcome, O welcome," the bishop he said,
"That music best pleaseth me."
"You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood,
"Till the bride and bridegroom I see."

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old;
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like the glistering gold.

"This is not a fit match," quoth Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to make here;
For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall chuse her own dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two and three;
When four-and-twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lea.

And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all in a row,
The first man was Allen-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true love," Robin he said,
"Young Allen, as I hear say;
And you shall be married this same time,
Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the bishop he cried,
"For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in the church,
As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
"This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began to laugh;
He asked them seven times into church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" said Little John,
Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I;
And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy."

And then having ended this merry wedding,
The bride looked like a queen;
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne

When shaws beene sheene, and shradds full fayre,
And leaves both large and longe,
Itt is merrye walkyng in the fayre forrèst
To heare the small birdes songe.

The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
Sitting upon the spraye,
Soe lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

"Now, by my faye," sayd jollye Robin,
"A sweaven I had this night;
I dreamt me of tow wighty yemen,
That fast with me can fight.

"Methought they did mee beate and binde,
And tooke my bow mee froe;
Iff I be Robin alive in this lande,
Ile be wroken on them towe."

"Sweavens are swift, master," quoth John,
"As the wind that blowes ore the hill;
For if itt be never so loude this night,
To-morrow it may be still."

"Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
And John shall goe with mee,
For Ile goe seeke yond wight yeomen,
In greenwood where the bee."

Then they cast on their gownes of grene,
And tooke theyr bowes each one;
And they away to the greene forrèst
A shooting forth are gone;

Untill they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest to bee;
There were they ware of a wight yeomàn,
His body leaned to a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Of manye a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capull hyde,
Topp and tayll and mayne.

"Stand you still, master," quoth Little John,
"Under this tree so grene,
And I will go to yond wight yeomàn
To know what he doth meane."

"Ah! John, by me thou settest noe store,
And that I farley finde:
How offt send I my men beffore,
And tarry my selfe behinde!

"It is no cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but heare him speake;
And itt were not for bursting of my bowe,
John, I thy head wold breake."

As often wordes they breeden bale,
So they parted Robin and John;
And John is gone to Barnesdale;
The gates he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
Great heavinesse there hee hadd,
For he found tow of his owne fellòwes
Were slaine both in a slade.

And Scarlette he was flying a-foote
Faste over stocke and stone,
For the sheriffe with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

"One shoote now I will shoote," quoth John,
"With Christ his might and mayne;
Ile make yond fellow that flyes soe fast,
To stopp he shall be fayne."

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,
And fetteled him to shoote:
The bow was made of tender boughe,
And fell down to his foote.

"Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
That ere thou grew on a tree;
For now this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shold bee."

His shoote it was but loosely shott,
Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine,
For itt mett one of the sherriffes men,
Good William a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent
To have bene abed with sorrowe,
Than to be that day in the green-wood slade
To meet with Little Johns arrowe.

But as it is said, when men be mett
Fyve can doe more than three,
The sheriffe hath taken Little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.

"Thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe,
And hanged hye on a hill;"
"But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose," quoth John,
"If itt be Christ his will."

Lett us leave talking of Little John,
And thinke of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeomàn,
Where under the leaves he stood.

"Good morrowe, good fellowe," sayd Robin so
fayre,
"Good morrowe, good fellow," quoth he.
"Methinks by this bowe thou beares in thy hande,
A good archere thou sholdst bee."

"I am wilfulle of my waye," quo' the yeoman,
"And of my morning tyde:"
"Ile lead thee through the wood," sayd Robin,
"Good fellow, Ile be thy guide."

"I seeke an outlàwe," the straunger sayd,
"Men call him Robin Hood;
Rather Ild meet with that proud outlàwe
Than fortye pound soe good."

"Now come with me, thou wight yemàn,
And Robin thou soone shalt see;
But first let us some pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

"First let us some masterye make
Among the woods so even;
We may chance to meet with Robin Hood
Here att some unsett steven."

They cutt them down two summer shroggs,
That grew both under a breere,
And set them threescore rood in twaine,
To shoote the prickes y-fere.

"Leade on, good fellowe," quoth Robin Hood,
"Leade on, I doe bidd thee."
"Nay, by my faith, good fellowe," hee sayd,
"My leader thou shalt bee."

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,
He mist but an inch it fro;
The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he cold never shoote soe.

The second shoote had the wightye yeomàn,
He shote within the garlànde;
But Robin he shott far better than hee,
For he clave the good pricke-wande.

"A blessing upon thy heart," he sayd,
"Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode;
For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better then Robin Hoode.

"Now tell me thy name, good fellowe," sayd he,
"Under the leaves of lyne."
"Nay, by my faith," quoth bolde Robìn,
"Till thou have told me thine."

"I dwell by dale and downe," quoth hee,
"And Robin to take Ime sworne;
And when I am called by my right name,
I am Guy of good Gisbòrne."

"My dwelling is in this wood," sayes Robin,
"By thee I set right nought:
I am Robin Hood of Barnèsdale,
Whom thou so long hast sought."

He that had neither beene kithe nor kin,
Might have seen a full fayre sight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both browne and bright:

To see how these yeomen together they fought
Two howres of a summers day,
Yett neither Robin Hood nor Sir Guy
Them fettled to flye away.

Robin was reachles on a roote,
And stumbled at that tyde;
And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all,
And hitt him ore the left side.

"Ah, deere Lady," sayd Robin Hood tho,
"Thou art but mother and may';
I think it was never mans destinye
To dye before his day."

Robin thought on Our Ladye deere,
And soone leapt up againe,
And strait he came with a 'backward' stroke,
And he Sir Guy hath slayne.

He took Sir Guy's head by the hayre,
And stuck itt upon his bowes end:
"Thou hast beene a traytor all thy liffe,
Which thing must have an end."

Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,
And nicked Sir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman born
Cold tell whose head it was.

Sayes, "Lye there, lye there now, Sir Guy,
And with me be not wrothe;
Iff thou have had the worst strokes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better clothe."

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
And on Sir Guy did throwe,
And hee put on that capull hyde,
That cladd him topp to toe.

"The bowe, the arrowes, and litle horne,
Now with me I will beare;
For I will away to Barnèsdale,
To see how my men doe fare."

Robin Hood sett Guy's horne to his mouth,
And a loud blast in it did blow:
That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.

"Hearken, hearken," sayd the sheriffe,
"I heare nowe tydings good,
For yonder I heare Sir Guy's horne blowe,
And he hath slaine Robin Hoode.

"Yonder I heare Sir Guy's horne blowe,
Itt blowes soe well in tyde,
And yonder comes that wightye yeomàn,
Cladd in his capull hyde.

"Come hyther, come hyther, thou good Sir Guy,
Aske what thou wilt of mee."
"O I will none of thy gold," sayd Robin,
"Nor I will none of thy fee.

"But now I have slaine the master," he sayes,
"Let me goe strike the knave;
For this is all the rewarde I aske,
Nor noe other will I have."

"Thou art a madman," said the sheriffe,
"Thou sholdst have had a knightes fee;
But seeing thy asking hath beene soe bad,
Well granted it shale be."

When Little John heard his master speake,
Well knewe he it was his steven;
"Now shall I be looset," quoth Little John,
"With Christ his might in heaven."

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,
He thought to loose him belive:
The sheriffe and all his companye
Fast after him can drive.

"Stand abacke, stand abacke," sayd Robin;
"Why draw you mee so neere?
Itt was never the use in our countryè,
Ones shrift another shold heere."

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh knife,
And losed John hand and foote,
And gave him Sir Guy's bow into his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guy's bow in his hand,
His boltes and arrowes eche one:
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,
He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne
He fled full fast away,
And soe did all the companye,
Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,
Nor away soe fast cold ryde,
But Little John with an arrowe soe broad
He shott him into the 'backe'-syde.

Robin Hood's Death and Burial

When Robin Hood and Little John
Down a down, a down, a down,
Went o'er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood to Little John,
"We have shot for many a pound:
Hey down, a down, a down.

"But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me."

Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone,
As fast as he can win;

But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley-hall,
He knocked all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.

"Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin," she said,
"And drink some beer with me?"
"No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee."

"Well, I have a room, cousin Robin," she said,
"Which you did never see;
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be."

She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him to a private room;
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
Whilst one drop of blood would run.

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
There did he bleed all the live-long day,
Until the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement door,
Thinking for to begone;
He was so weak he could not leap,
Nor he could not get down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee,
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under the tree,
"I fear my master is near dead,
He blows so wearily."

Then Little John to Fair Kirkley is gone,
As fast as he can dree;
But when he came to Kirkley-hall,
He broke locks two or three;

Until he came bold Robin to,
Then he fell on his knee;
"A boon, a boon," cries Little John,
"Master, I beg of thee."

"What is that boon," quoth Robin Hood,
"Little John, thou begst of me?"
"It is to burn fair Kirkley-hall,
And all their nunnery."

"Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin Hood,
"That boon I'll not grant thee;
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor man in woman's company.

"I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at my end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave diggèd be.

"Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another under my feet;

And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

"Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood."

These words they readily promised him,
Which did bold Robin please;
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Near to the fair Kirklèys.

The Twa Corbies

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a maen:
The tane unto the t'ither did say,
"Whaur shall we gang and dine the day?"

"O doun beside yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
Sae we may mak' our dinner sweet.

"O we'll sit on his white hause bane,
And I'll pyke out his bonny blue e'en;
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it blaws bare.

"Mony a ane for him makes maen,
But nane shall ken whaur he is gane.
Over his banes when they are bare,
The wind shall blaw for evermair."

Waly, Waly, Love be Bonny

A SCOTTISH SONG

O WALY, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn side,
Where I and my love were wont to gae.
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
Sae my true love did lichtly me.

O waly, waly, but gin love be bonny,
A little time while it is new;
But when its auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew.

Waly, Waly, Love be Bonny

O wherfore shuld I busk my head?
Or wherfore shuld I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat sall be my bed,
The sheets shall neir be prest by me:
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou cum?
For of my life I am wearìe.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaws inclemencìe;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
Whan we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in black velvet,
And I mysell in cramasìe.

But had I wist, before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win,

I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,
And pinnd it with a siller pin.
And, oh! that my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysell were dead and gane!
And the green grass growing over me.

The Nut-brown Maid

Be it right, or wrong, these men among
On women do complain;
Affirming this, how that it is
A labour spent in vain
To love them wele; for never a dele
They love a man again:
For let a man do what he can,
Their favour to attain,
Yet, if a new do them pursue,
Their first true lover then
Laboureth for nought; for from her thought
He is a banished man.

I say not nay, but that all day
It is both writ and said
That woman's faith is, as who saith,
All utterly decayed;
But, nevertheless, right good witnèss
In this case might be laid,
That they love true, and continùe,
Record the Nut-brown Maid:
Which, when her love came, her to prove,
To her to make his moan,
Would not depart; for in her heart
She loved but him alone.

Then between us let us discuss
What was all the manere
Between them two: we will also
Tell all the pain, and fere,
That she was in. Now I begin,
So that ye me answère;
Wherefore, all ye, that present be
I pray you, give an ear.
I am the knight; I come by night,
As secret as I can;

Saying, 'Alas! thus standeth the case,
I am a banished man.'

SHE

And I your will for to fulfil
In this will not refuse;
Trusting to shew, in wordès few,
That men have an ill use
(To their own shame) women to blame,
And causeless them accuse:
Therefore to you I answer now,
All women to excuse,—
Mine own heart dear, with you what chere?
I pray you, tell anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE

It standeth so; a dede is do
Whereof great harm shall grow:
My destiny is for to die
A shameful death, I trowe;

Or else to flee: the one must be.
None other way I know,
But to withdraw as an outlàw,
And take me to my bow.
Wherefore, adieu, my own heart true!
None other rede I can:
For I must to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

O Lord, what is this worldys bliss,
That changeth as the moon!
My summer's day in lusty May
Is darked before the noon.
I hear you say, farewell: Nay, nay,
We dèpart not so soon.
Why say ye so? wheder will ye go?
Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfàre to sorrow and care
Should change, if ye were gone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE

I can believe, it shall you grieve,
And somewhat you distrain;
But, afterward, your painès hard
Within a day or twain
Shall soon aslake; and ye shall take
Comfort to you again.
Why should ye ought? for, to make thought
Your labour were in vain.
And thus I do; and pray you to,
As heartily as I can;
For I must to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

Now, sith that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mind,
I shall be plain to you again,
Like as ye shall me find.
Sith it is so, that ye will go,
I wolle not leave behind;
Shall never be said, the Nut-brown Maid
Was to her love unkind:

Make you readỳ, for so am I,
Although it were anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE

Yet I you rede to take good heed
What men will think and say:
Of young and old it shall be told,
That ye be gone away,
Your wanton will for to fulfil,
In green wood you to play;
And that ye might from your delight
No longer make delay.
Rather than ye should thus for me
Be called an ill womàn,
Yet would I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

Though it be sung of old and young,
That I should be to blame,

Theirs be the charge, that speak so large
In hurting of my name:
For I will prove, that, faithful love
It is devoid of shame;
In your distress, and heaviness,
To part with you, the same:
And sure all tho, that do not so,
True lovers are they none;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE

I counsel you, remember how,
It is no maiden's law,
Nothing to doubt, but to renne out
To wood with an outlàw:
For ye must there in your hand bear
A bow, readỳ to draw;
And, as a thief, thus must you live,
Ever in dread and awe;
Whereby to you great harm might grow:
Yet had I lever than,

That I had to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

I think not nay, but as ye say,
It is no maiden's lore;
But love may make me for your sake,
As I have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt, and shoot
To get us meat in store;
For so that I your company
May have, I ask no more:
From which to part, it maketh my heart
As cold as any stone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE

For an outlàw this is the law,
That men him take and bind;
Without pitỳ, hangèd to be,
And waver with the wind.

If I had nede, (as God forbede!)
What rescue could ye find?
Forsooth, I trow, ye and your bow
For fear would draw behind:
And no mervayle: for little avail
Were in your counsel then:
Wherefore I will to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

Right well know ye, that women be
But feeble for to fight;
No womanhede it is indeed
To be bold as a knight:
Yet, in such fear if that ye were
With enemies day or night,
I would withstand, with bow in hand,
To greve them as I might,
And you to save; as women have
From death men many a one:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
That ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep vallèys,
The snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat: for dry, or wet,
We must lodge on the plain;
And, us above, none other roof
But a brake bush, or twain;
Which soon should grieve you, I believe;
And ye would gladly then
That I had to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

Sith I have here been partynère
With you of joy and bliss,
I must alsò part of your woe
Endure, as reason is:
Yet am I sure of one pleasùre;
And, shortly, it is this:
That, where ye be, me seemeth, pardè,
I could not fare amiss.

Without more speech, I you beseech
That we were soon agone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE

If ye go thyder, ye must consider,
When ye have lust to dine,
There shall no meat be for you gete,
Nor drink, beer, ale, nor wine.
No shetès clean, to lie between,
Made of thread and twine;
None other house, but leaves and boughs,
To cover your head and mine;
O mine heart sweet, this evil diète
Should make you pale and wan;
Wherefore I will to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

Among the wild dere, such an archère,
As men say that ye be,

Ne may not fail of good vitàyle,
Where is so great plentỳ:
And water clear of the ryvére
Shall be full sweet to me;
With which in hele I shall right wele
Endure, as ye shall see;
And, or we go, a bed or two
I can provide anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE

Lo! yet, before, ye must do more,
If ye will go with me:
As cut your hair up by your ear,
Your kirtle by the knee;
With bow in hand, for to withstand
Your enemies, if need be:
And this same night before day-light,
To wood-ward will I flee.
If that ye will all this fulfil,
Do it shortly as ye can;

Else will I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

I shall as now do more for you
Than 'longeth to womanhede;
To shorte my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of need.
O my sweet mother, before all other
For you I have most drede:
But now, adieu! I must ensue,
Where fortune doth me lead.
All this make ye: Now let us flee;
The day cometh fast upon;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE

Nay, nay, not so; ye shall not go,
And I shall tell ye why,—
Your appetite is to be light
Of love, I wele espy:

For, like as ye have said to me,
In like wise hardely
Ye would answère whosoever it were
In way of company.
It is said of old, Soon hot, soon cold
And so is a woman.
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

If ye take heed, it is no need
Such words to say by me;
For oft ye prayed, and long assayed,
Or I you loved, pardè:
And though that I of ancestry
A baron's daughter be,
Yet have you proved how I you loved
A squire of low degree;
And ever shall, whatso befall;
To die therefore anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE

A baron's child to be beguiled!
It were a cursèd dede;
To be felàwe with an outlàwe!
Almighty God forbede!
Yet better were, the poor squyère
Alone to forest yede,
Than ye should say another day,
That, by my cursèd dede,
Ye were betrayed: Wherefore, good maid,
The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thing you upbraid:
But if ye go, and leave me so,
Then have ye me betrayed.
Remember you wele, how that ye dele;
For, if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind, to leave behind,
Your love, the Nut-brown Maid,

Trust me truly, that I shall die
Soon after ye be gone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE

If that ye went, ye should repent;
For in the forest now
I have purvayed me of a maid,
Whom I love more than you;
Another fayrère, than ever ye were,
I dare it wele avow;
And of you both each should be wroth
With other, as I trow:
It were mine ease, to live in peace;
So will I, if I can;
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE

Though in the wood I understood
Ye had a paramour,

All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I will be your:
And she shall find me soft and kind,
And courteys every hour;
Glad to fulfil all that she will
Command me to my power:
For had ye, lo! an hundred mo,
Of them I would be one;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE

Mine own dear love, I see the proof
That ye be kind and true;
Of maid, and wife, in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad, be no more sad,
The case is changèd new;
For it were ruth, that, for your truth,
Ye should have cause to rue.
Be not dismayed, whatsoever I said
To you, when I began;

I will not to the green wood go,
I am no banished man.

SHE

These tidings be more glad to me,
Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they should endure:
But it is often seen,
When men will break promise, they speak
The wordès on the splene.
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
And steal from me, I ween:
Then, were the case worse than it was,
And I more wo-begone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE

Ye shall not nede further to drede;
I will not disparàge
You, (God defend!) sith ye descend
Of so great a lineàge.

Now understand; to Westmoreland,
Which is mine heritage,
I will you bring; and with a ring,
By way of marriàge
I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can:
Thus have you won an erly's son,
And not a banished man.

AUTHOR

Here may ye see, that women be
In love, meek, kind, and stable;
Let never man reprove them then,
Or call them variàble;
But, rather, pray God that we may
To them be comfortàble;
Which sometime proveth such, as he loveth,
If they be charitàble.
For sith men would that women should
Be meek to them each one;
Much more ought they to God obey,
And serve but Him alone.

The Fause Lover

A FAIR maid sat in her bower door,
Wringing her lily hands;
And by it came a sprightly youth,
Fast tripping o'er the strands.

"Where gang ye, young John," she says,
"Sae early in the day?
It gars me think, by your fast trip,
Your journey's far away."

He turn'd about wi' surly look,
And said, "What's that to thee?
I'm ga'en to see a lovely maid,
Mair fairer far than ye."

"Now hae ye play'd me this, fause love,
In simmer, 'mid the flowers?
I shall repay ye back again,
In winter, 'mid the showers.

"But again, dear love, and again, dear love,
Will ye not turn again?
For as ye look to ither women,
I shall do to other men."

"Make your choice o' whom you please,
For I my choice will have;
I've chosen a maid more fair than thee,
I never will deceive."

But she's kilt up her claithing fine,
And after him gaed she;
But aye he said, "Ye'll turn again,
Nae farder gae wi' me."

"But again, dear love, and again, dear love,
Will ye never love me again?
Alas! for loving you sae well,
And you na me again."

The firstan' town that they came till,
He bought her brooch and ring;
But aye he bade her turn again,
And gang nae farder wi' him.

" But again, dear love, and again, dear love," etc.

The nextan' town that they came till,
He bought her muff and gloves;
But aye he bade her turn again,
And choose some other loves.

" But again, dear love, and again, dear love," etc.

The nextan' town that they came till,
His heart it grew mair fain;
And he was deep in love wi' her,
As she was ower again.

The nextan' town that they came till,
He bought her wedding gown;
And made her lady o' ha's and bowers,
In sweet Berwick town.

The Mermaid

To yon fause stream that, near the sea,
Hides mony an elf and plum,
And rives wi' fearful din the stanes,
A witless knicht did come.

The day shines clear — far in he's gane
Whar shells are silver bright,
Fishes war loupin' a' aroun',
And sparklin' to the light.

Whan, as he laved, sounds cam sae sweet
Frae ilka rock an' tree;
The brief was out, 'twas him it doomed
The mermaid's face to see.

Frae 'neath a rock, sune, sune she rose,
And stately on she swam,
Stopped i' the midst, and becked and sang
To him to stretch his han'.

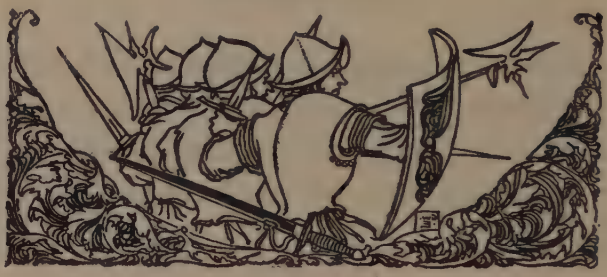
Gowden glist the yellow links
That round her neck she'd twine;
Her een war o' the skyie blue,
Her lips did mock the wine;

The smile upon her bonnie cheek
Was sweeter than the bee;
Her voice excelled the birdie's sang
Upon the birchen tree.

Sae couthie, couthie did she look,
And meikle had she fleeched;
Out shot his hand — alas! alas!
Fast in the swirl he screeched.

The mermaid leuch, her brief was gane,
And kelpie's blast was blawin',
Fu' low she duked, ne'er raise again,
For deep, deep was the fawin'.

Aboon the stream his wraith was seen,
Warlochs tirled lang at gloamin';
That e'en was coarse, the blast blew hoarse,
Ere lang the waves war foamin'.



The Battle of Otterburn

THE FIRST FYTTE

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When husbands winn their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
Into England to take a prey.

The Earl of Fife, withouten strife,
He bound him over Solway;
The great would ever together ride;
That race they may rue for aye.

Over Ottercap hill they came in,
And so down by Rotheley crag,
Upon Green Leighton they lighted down,
Styrande many a stag;

And boldly brente Northumberland,
And harried many a town;
They did our Englishmen great wrong
To battle that were not bown.

Then spake a berne upon the bent,
Of comfort that was not cold,
And said, "We have brente Northumberland,
We have all wealth in holde.

"Now we have harried all Bamborough shire
All the wealth in the world have we;
I rede we ride to Newcastle,
So still and stalworthlye."

Upon the morrow, when it was day,
The standards shone full bright;
To the Newcastle they took the way,
And thither they came full right.

Sir Henry Percy lay at the Newcastle,
I tell you, withouten dread;
He has been a March-man all his days,
And kept Berwick upon Tweed.

To the Newcastle when they came,
The Scots they cried on hyght:
"Sir Harry Percy, an thou bist within,
Come to the field and fight:

"For we have brente Northumberland,
Thy heritage good and right;
And syne my lodging I have take,
With my brand dubbed many a knight."

Sir Harry Percy came to the walls,
The Scottish host for to see:
"And thou hast brente Northumberland,
Full sore it rueth me.

"If thou hast harried all Bamborough shire,
Thou hast done me great envy;
For the trespàss thou hast me done,
The one of us shall die."

"Where shall I bide thee?" said the Douglas;
"Or where wilt thou come to me?"
"At Otterburn in the high way,
There mayst thou well lodged be.

"The roe full reckless there she runs,
To make thee game and glee;
The falcon and the pheasant both,
Among the holtes on hee.

"There mayst thou have thy wealth at will,
Well lodged there mayst thou be;
It shall not be long ere I come thee till,"
Said Sir Harry Percyè.

"There shall I bide thee," said the Douglas,
"By the faith of my bodỳ."
"Thither shall I come," said Sir Harry Percỳ,
"My troth I plight to thee."

A pipe of wine he gave them over the walls,
For sooth, as I you say;
There he made the Douglas drink,
And all his host that day.

The Douglas turned him homeward again,
For sooth withouten nay;
He took his lodging at Otterburn
Upon a Wednèsday;

And there he pyght his standard down,
His getting more and less;
And syne he warned his men to go
And get their geldings gress.

A Scottish knight hoved upon the bent,
A watch I dare well say;
So was he ware on the noble Percỳ
In the dawning of the day.

He pricked to his pavilion door,
As fast as he might ronne;
"Awaken, Douglas!" cried the knight,
"For His love that sits in throne.

"Awaken, Douglas!" cried the knight,
"For thou mayst waken with wynne;
Yonder have I spied the proud Percỳ,
And seven standàrds with him."

"Nay, by my troth," the Douglas said,
"It is but a feignèd tale;
He durst not look on my broad bannèr,
For all Englànd so hayle.

"Was I not yesterday at the Newcastle,
That stands so fair on Tyne?
For all the men the Percy had,
He could not garre me once to dyne."

He stepped out at his pavilion door,
To look, and it were less;
"Array you, lordyngs, one and all,
For here begins no peace.

"The Earl of Menteith, thou art my eme,
The forward I give to thee;
The Earl of Huntley cawte and keen,
He shall with thee be.

"The Lord of Buchan, in armour bright,
On the other hand he shall be;
Lord Johnstone, and Lord Maxwell,
They two shall be with me.

"Swynton fair field upon your pride
To battle make you bowen;
Sir Davy Scot, Sir Walter Steward,
Sir John of Agerstone."

THE SECOND FYTTE

The Percy came before his host,
Which ever was a gentle knight,
Upon the Douglas loud did he cry,
"I will hold that I have hight;

"For thou hast brente Northumberland,
And done me great envỳ;
For this trespàss thou hast me done
The one of us shall die."

The Douglas answered him again,
With great words up on hee,
And said, "I have twenty against thy one,
Behold, and thou mayst see."

With that the Percy was grievèd sore,
For sooth as I you say;
He lighted down upon his foot,
And shot his horse clean away.

Every man saw that he did so,
That ryall was ever in rout;
Every man shot his horse him fro,
And light him round about.

Thus Sir Harry Percy took the field,
For sooth as I you say;
Jesu Christ in heaven on high,
Did help him well that day.

But nine thousand, there was no more,
If chronicle will not layne;
Forty thousand Scots and four
That day fought them again.

But when the battle began to join,
In haste there came a knight,
Then letters fair forth hath he ta'en,
And thus he said full right:

"My lord, your father he greets you well,
With many a noble knight;
He desires you to bide,
That he may see this fight.

"The baron of Grastock is come out of the west,
With him a noble company;
All they lodge at your father's this night,
And the battle fain would they see."

"For Jesu's love," said Sir Harry Percy,
"That died for you and me,
Wend to my lord, my father, again,
And say thou saw me not with ee;

"My troth is plight to yon Scottish knight,
It needs me not to layne,
That I should bide him upon this bent,
And I have his troth again;

"And if that I wend off this ground,
For sooth unfoughten away,
He would me call but a coward knight,
In his land another day.

"Yet had I lever to be rynde and rent,
By Mary that mykel may,
Than ever my manhood should be reproved
With a Scot another day.

"Wherefore shoot, archers, for my sake,
And let sharp arrows flee;
Minstrels, play up for your warison,
And well quit it shall be.

"Every man think on his true love,
And mark him to the Trinitỳ;
For to God I make mine a-vow
This day will I not flee."

The bloody heart in the Douglas' arms,
His standard stood on high,
That every man might full well know;
Beside stood starrès three.

The white Liòn on the English part,
For sooth as I you sayne,
The luces and the crescents both;
The Scots fought them again.

Upon Saint Andrew loud did they cry,
And thrice they shout on hyght,
And syne marked them on our Englishmen,
As I have told you right.

Saint George the bright, our Lady's knight,
To name they were full fain,
Our Englishmen they cried on hyght,
And thrice they shout again.

With that sharp arrows began to flee,
I tell you in certàin;
Men of arms began to join;
Many a doughty man was there slain.

The Percy and the Douglas met,
That either of them was fain;
They schapped together, while that they sweat,
With swords of fine Collayne;

Till the blood from their basenets ran
As the roke doth in the rain.
"Yield thee to me," said the Douglàs,
"Or else thou shalt be slain;

"For I see by thy bright basenet,
Thou art some man of might;
And so I do by thy burnished brand,
Thou art an earl, or else a knight."

"By my good faith," said the noble Percỳ,
"Now hast thou rede full right;
Yet will I never yield me to thee,
While I may stand and fight."

They swapped together, while that they sweat,
With swordès sharp and long;
Each on other so fast they beat,
Till their helms came in pieces down.

The Percy was a man of strength,
I tell you in this stound;
He smote the Douglas at the sword's length,
That he felled him to the ground.

The sword was sharp, and sore did byte,
I tell you in certàin;
To the heart he did him smite,
Thus was the Douglas slain.

The standards stood still on each side;
With many a grievous groan,
There they fought the day, and all the night,
And many a doughty man was slone.

There was no freyke that there would fly,
But stiffly in stour did stand,
Echone hewing on other while they might dry,
With many a baleful brand.

There was slain upon the Scottes side,
For sooth and certainlỳ,
Sir James of Douglas there was slain,
That day that he did die.

The Earl of Menteith he was slain
Grysely groaned upon the ground;
Sir Davy Scot, Sir Walter Steward,
Sir John of Agerstone.

Sir Charles Murray in that place,
That never a foot would fly;
Sir Hugh Maxwèll, a lord he was,
With the Douglas did he die.

There was slain upon the Scottes side,
For sooth as I you say,
Of four and forty thousand Scots,
Went but eighteen away.

There was slain upon the English side,
For sooth and certainly,
A gentle knight, Sir John Fitzhugh,
It was the more pity.

Sir James Harebotell there was slain,
For him their hearts were sore;
The gentle Lovel there was slain,
That the Percy's standard bore.

There was slain upon the English side,
For sooth as I you say,
Of nine thousand Englishmen,
Five hundred came away;

The others were slaynè in the field,
Christ keep their souls from woe,
Seeing there were so few friends
Against so many a foe!

Then on the morn they made them biers
Of birch and hazel gray;
Many a widow with weeping tears
Their makes they fetch away.

The Battle of Otterburn

This fray began at Otterburn,
Between the night and the day;
There the Douglas lost his life,
And the Percy was led away.

Then was there a Scottish prisoner ta'en,
Sir Hugh Montgomery was his name,
For sooth as I you say,
He borrowed the Percy home again.

Now let us all for the Percy pray,
To Jesu most of might,
To bring his soul to the bliss of heaven,
For he was a gentle knight.

The Lament of the Border Widow

My love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' a lilye flower,
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport and went away,
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me so dear;
He slew my knight, and poined his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

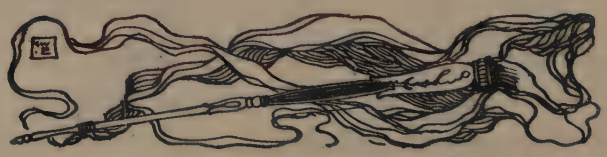
The Lament of the Border Widow

I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat,
I digged a grave, and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod so green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair;
Think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair.



The Banks o' Yarrow

Late at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawing.

"What though ye be my sister's lord,
We'll cross our swords to-morrow."
"What though my wife your sister be,
I'll meet ye then on Yarrow."

"O stay at hame, my ain gude lord!
O stay, my ain dear marrow!
My cruel brither will you betray
On the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

"O fare ye weel, my lady dear!
And put aside your sorrow;
For if I gae, I'll sune return
Frae the bonny banks o' Yarrow."

She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,
As oft she'd done before, O;
She belted him wi' his gude brand,
And he's awa' to Yarrow.

When he gaed up the Tennies bank,
As he gaed mony a morrow,
Nine armed men lay in a den,
On the dowie braes o' Yarrow.

"O come ye here to hunt or hawk
The bonny Forest thorough?
Or come ye here to wield your brand
Upon the banks o' Yarrow?"

"I come not here to hunt or hawk,
As oft I've dune before, O,
But I come here to wield my brand
Upon the banks o' Yarrow.

"If ye attack me nine to ane,
Then may God send ye sorrow!—
Yet will I fight while stand I may,
On the bonny banks o' Yarrow."

Two has he hurt, and three has slain,
On the bloody braes o' Yarrow;
But the stubborn knight crept in behind,
And pierced his body thorough.

"Gae hame, gae hame, you brither John,
And tell your sister sorrow,—
To come and lift her leafu' lord
On the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

Her brither John gaed ower yon hill,
As oft he'd dune before, O;
There he met his sister dear,
Cam' rinnin' fast to Yarrow.

"I dreamt a dream last night," she says,
"I wish it binna sorrow;
I dreamt I pu'd the heather green
Wi' my true love on Yarrow."

"I'll read your dream, sister," he says,
"I'll read it into sorrow;
Ye're bidden go take up your love,
He's sleeping sound on Yarrow."

She's torn the ribbons frae her head
That were baith braid and narrow;
She's kilted up her lang claithing,
And she's awa' to Yarrow.

She's ta'en him in her arms twa,
And gi'en him kisses thorough;
She sought to bind his mony wounds,
But he lay dead on Yarrow.

"O haud your tongue," her father says,
"And let be a' your sorrow;
I'll wed you to a better lord
Than him ye lost on Yarrow."

"O haud your tongue, father," she says,
"Far warse ye mak' my sorrow;
A better lord could never be
Than him that lies on Yarrow."

She kiss'd his lips, she kaim'd his hair,
As aft she had dune before, O;
And there wi' grief her heart did break,
Upon the banks o' Yarrow.

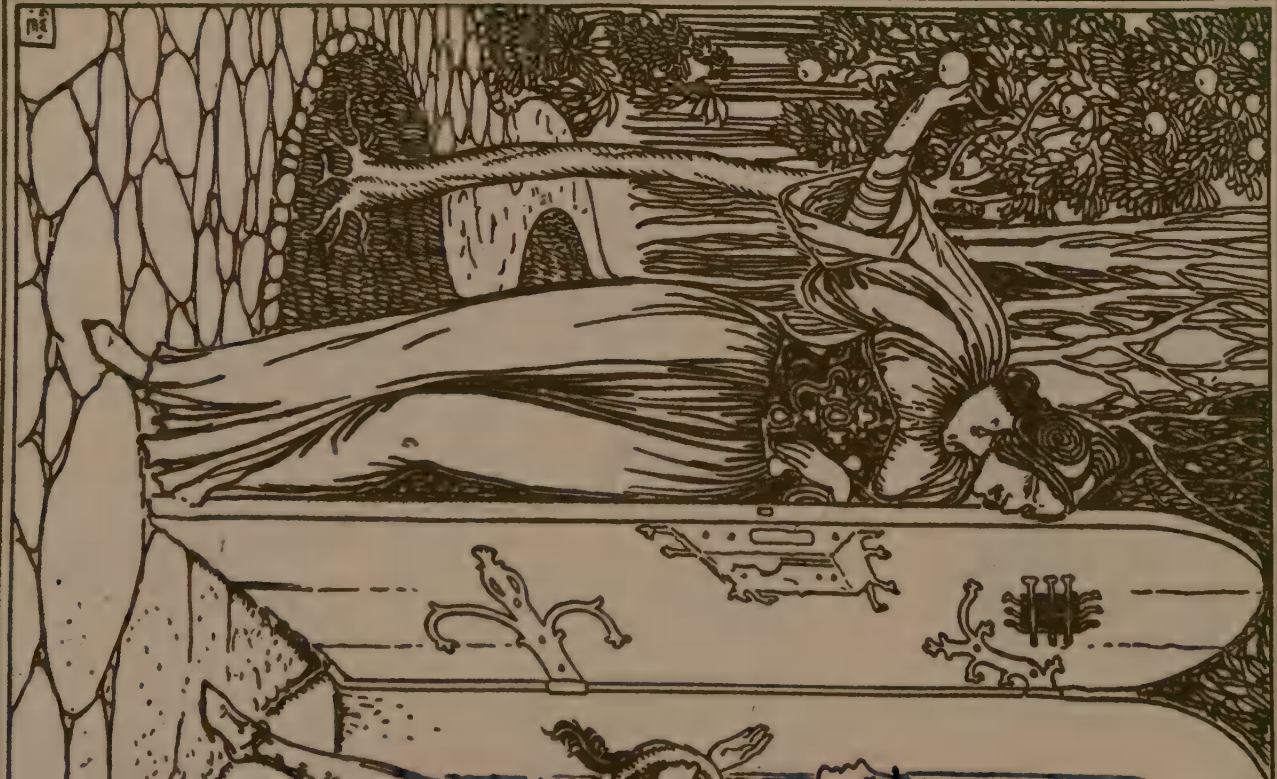
Hugh of Lincoln

SHOWING THE CRUELTY OF A JEW'S DAUGHTER

Four and twenty bonny boys
  Were playing at the ba',
And up it stands him sweet Sir Hugh,
  The flower among them a'.

He kicked the ba' there wi' his foot,
  And keppit it wi' his knee,
Till even in at the Jew's window
  He gart the bonny ba' flee.

"Cast out the ba' to me, fair maid,
  Cast out the ba' to me."
"Never a bit," says the Jew's daughter,
  "Till ye come up to me."



"Come up, sweet Hugh, come up, dear Hugh,
Come up and get the ba'."
"I winna come, I mayna come,
Without my bonny boys a'."

She's ta'en her to the Jew's garden,
Where the grass grew lang and green,
She's pu'd an apple red and white,
To wyle the bonny boy in.

She's wyled him in through ae chamber,
She's wyled him in through twa,
She's wyled him into the third chamber,
And that was the warst o' a'.

She's tied the little boy, hands and feet,
She's pierced him wi' a knife,
She's caught his heart's blood in a golden cup,
And twinn'd him o' his life.

She row'd him in a cake o' lead,
Bade him lie still and sleep,
She cast him in a deep draw-well
Was fifty fathom deep.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And every bairn went hame,
Then ilka lady had her young son,
But Lady Helen had nane.

She row'd her mantle her about,
And sair, sair 'gan she weep;
And she ran unto the Jew's house,
When they were all asleep.

"My bonny Sir Hugh, my pretty Sir Hugh,
I pray thee to me speak!"
"Lady Helen, come to the deep draw-well
'Gin ye your son wad seek."

Lady Helen ran to the deep draw-well,
And knelt upon her knee:
"My bonny Sir Hugh, an ye be here,
I pray thee speak to me!"

"The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,
The well is wondrous deep;
A keen penknife sticks in my heart,
It is hard for me to speak.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear,
Fetch me my winding-sheet;
And at the back o' merry Lincoln,
It's there we twa sall meet."

Now Lady Helen she's gane hame,
Made him a winding-sheet;
And at the back o' merry Lincoln,
The dead corpse did her meet.

And a' the bells o' merry Lincoln
Without men's hands were rung;
And a' the books o' merry Lincoln
Were read without men's tongue:
Never was such a burial
Sin' Adam's days begun.

Sir Patrick Spens

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
"O whare will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this new ship of mine?"

O up and spak' an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee,
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailòr,
That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

Sir Patrick Spens

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway
'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughèd he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Moneday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wednèsday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say:

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud,
And a' our queen's fee."
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie;

"For I brought as much white monie,
As gane my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou of gude red goud,
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

"Make ready, make ready, my merry men a',
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the old moon in her arm;
And, if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

"O where will I get a gude sailòr,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall top-mast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it cam in.

"Gae, fetch a web of the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let nae the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea cam in.

O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon!
But lang or a' the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed,
That flattered on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son,
That never mair cam hame.

The ladies wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves;
For them they'll see nae mair.

Sir Patrick Spens

O lang, lang, may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang, may the maidens sit,
With their goud kaims in their hair
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they'll see nae mair!

O forty miles off Aberdeen,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

•Finis•